

JIMBOS LEGACY.

You know how I loved my mother and How difficult it was for me when she passed. Throughout her life, we remained steadily close in our relationship, beyond the geographic distance. Now my father on the other hand? We had our real differences. We didn't see eye to eye on most things. Thank God for Hockey that merged our paths for a while. I did not see the world through his eyes and some how as a child sought to go the other way just because it wasn't his way. SO WHY THEN WAS HIS PASSING MORE CHALLENGING. Lots of powerful messages came out of being with him these final years and days. But I wasn't clear on what to share here now. My wife was very good at helping me know what not to say. Thank you Edie.

I am enjoying sharing his stuff. I put some things up on Facebook, and I still keep some in the car looking for the right person to pair with the right thing. Edie was placing lots of items in the right hands. Womans shelters, salvation army. Battered womans associations etc.... We are in his space here. This is where he lived with us for years and you can see we cleared most of his things out pretty quickly. Some things from the closter years, the navy days and Paramus and the hockey years and the later years. Wow all of those things. There were a couple times from his recliner, he kept asking us to get him his leather jacket to wear. All of his things, All of those years. A whole life. We just gave everything away. Is that it? **WHATS LEFT? WHATS HIS LEGACY then?**

THIS PROCESS HAS REALLY SOLIDIFIED IN ME THAT OUR LEGACY IS NOT WHAT WE LEAVE TO OTHERS, IT IS WHAT WE LEAVE IN THEM. When we pass, The stuff can go how and where we might never have expected it to go.

All along while it seemed that my mother was trying to plant valuable lessons like that in me. Showing examples of the right way and the right path, **It was seeing my fathers life and his path more clearly that hit home so powerfully as he dug in and. Asserted his will, and forged it more deeply in the his final months and days.**

The way **you remember** him is the way he remained in his mind. He insisted on his way, he was fighting, he was outsmarting and convincing and funny, stubborn and restless, smart and suspicious demanding unforgiving and strong willed Frank Sinatra summed it up. "I did it my way". His way. I was blessed to watch him follow his path all the way through to the end of his road here on earth.

OUR LEGACY IS NOT WHAT WE LEAVE TO OUR CHILDREN IT IS WHAT WE LEAVE IN THEM. His life in me, has left me a wealthy man. The traps he led me away from and the treasure is vast. He has painted a BOLD sign for me at the end of his road that is so clear. Not his words, but his life says don't go this way. Go THAT WAY. It is so clear his legacy is rich. Watching him carefully and seeing him all the way through. **HE LEFT ME:**peaceful. He left me trusting, He left me Honest, He left me grateful, he left me thankful, he left me positive, he left me believing, he left me joyful. **HE LEFT ME HOPEFUL** and by watching bad things work for good and **the best things in life for him were the ones he did not ask for but the things that were given** him beyond his way and outside his will, he left me **FAITHFUL**. Our relationships are everything. Looking back on his life. I would not change a thing. Gods blessing comes through his LEGACY.